

To JRS  
7/21/64

EASTER POEM

by Louise Gluck

Intercede for God,  
forgetting prophets to predict despair  
for the ungracious animal described as Man:  
had it not, a cross, ripped across the air,  
He upon; did it not, death, seem to be  
presiding over body?  
Yes to prophets, thus had seemed, seems again,  
the vast earth annually mourns and then  
it intercedes, light,  
and attending any sign that He  
still lives, Christ, we  
shall hear speaking  
Spring,  
of the rising,  
seed (the stirring of) of His recurring life.



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